

Kaitlyn Atchison, soprano

with

Stuart Evans, piano
Peter Shelley, piano
Lucas Henning, saxophone
Wachira Kariuki, baritone

Tuesday, February 21, 2023

6:00 p.m.

Haddock Performance Hall

Program

***Frauenliebe und leben, op. 42* Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)**

- I. Seit ich ihn gesehen*
- II. Er, der Herrlichste von Allen*
- III. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben*
- IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger*
- V. Helft mir, er Schwestern*
- VI. Süsser Freund, du blickest*
- VII. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust*
- VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz*

Stuart Evans, Piano

***Poèmes pour Mi* Olivier Messiaen
(1908-1992)**

- I. Action de graces*
- III. La maison*
- V. L'épouse*

Peter Shelley, piano

Intermission

***I Never Saw Another Butterfly* (1995)..... Lori Laitman**
(b. 1955)

I. The Butterfly

II. Yes, That's the Way Things Are

III. Birdsong

IV. The Garden

V. Man Proposes, God Disposes

VI. The Old House

Lucas Henning, saxophone

"Pronta io son" from *Don Pasquale*, Act I Finale Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Wachira Kariuki, baritone

Stuart Evans, piano

Program Notes

Frauenliebe und Leben

Although Charissimi's poetry was written from a woman's point of view, it is likely that, to some extent, Schumann deeply resonated with the emotions of the words as he set them to music. Shortly after this song cycle was published, Schumann married the talented pianist, Clara Weick, beginning a partnership that would be famous in music history. *Frauenliebe und Leben* allows us to see into the mind of a young woman, following her thoughts and dreams as she matures and moves on to a new life with her love. At her first sight of him, she falls deeply in love and desires to move beyond childhood to be with him. She wonders at his character and idolizes him, believing he is much too wonderful to ever notice her. But wonder of wonders, he loves her back! She cannot believe it! After her engagement, she reflects on her growing maturity, and how she will soon be leaving one life for another. Her wedding day is filled with joy and excitement, mixed with a bit of fear. Her sisters have always been there with her, but now they must help strengthen her as she leaves to be with her husband. After her marriage, she discovers the joy of oneness with her husband and rejoices when they have their first child. But it is then that her husband breaks her heart by leaving her. He has died, and she, alone, is left to reflect on the happiness she has lost.

Poemes pour Mi

Using his own poetry, Messiaen wrote this song cycle for his soon to be wife Claire Delbos. The cycle is similar to *Frauenliebe*, detailing Messiaen's thoughts of his upcoming marriage and their life after. Messiaen's strong Roman Catholic faith is fundamental in this cycle but is especially prominent in these selections. In "Action de graces," Messiaen rejoices in the relationship between the church and God, with its selfless love which will soon be mirrored in his own marriage. He wonders at the world and its beauty, and praises God for giving him these gifts, and most of all, for God's sacrificial blood on the cross. In "La maison," he recognizes the pain in the eyes of his love and comforts her with the knowledge that though they will leave their bodies in death, afterward they will be made perfect, with no more pain, standing in the presence of Truth. "L'epouse" encourages the individuals to "go where the Spirit leads you" because just as the church is the extension of Christ, so is the wife the extension of the husband, and nothing can separate what God has joined.

I Never Saw Another Butterfly

Sometimes beautiful things can come from terrible places. All the poetry for *I Never Saw Another Butterfly* was written by young people in the Terezin Concentration Camp during the Holocaust. With amazing determination, Kosek, Lowy, Bachner (who collectively signed their names Koleba), Pavel Friedmann, Franta Bass, and one unknown child, provide us glimpses into their experiences in the ghetto. Most of these young authors perished in Auschwitz. The fates of Bachner and the unnamed child are unknown, but can be easily guessed. Out of their difficult life came poems of hope, irony, beauty, sad truths, what used to be contrasted with present circumstances, and desolation. Lori Laitman chose to set this poetry alongside the saxophone because of its haunting quality and its relation to Klezmer music. Throughout the cycle, the saxophone line tells its own musical story alongside the voice, deepening the meaning of the poetry.

Pronta io son

Leading up to this dramatic finale of Act I of *Don Pasquale*, Norina has just received a letter from her love, Ernesto, that his uncle Don Pasquale has forbidden their marriage. He believes that Norina is not fit for his nephew. If Ernesto wants to stay within the family inheritance, he must marry a rich, "worthy" woman. Lucky for Norina, Malatesta, Pasquale's doctor, has witnessed the conflict between Pasquale and Ernesto and has decided to help Norina. The doctor knows of Pasquale's desire to marry and set a good example for Ernesto, so he devises a plan. Norina will stand in as Malatesta's sister, a sweet, perfect little maiden recently come from a convent, exactly the wife Pasquale wants! But, unbeknownst to Pasquale, this new wife will turn bad immediately after the wedding paperwork is completed. In this scene, Norina agrees, as long as Ernesto isn't hurt in the process, to trick and "marry" Pasquale in order to teach him a lesson. Throughout this scene, Norina and Malatesta perfect their plan, including "simple maiden" lessons for Norina, and the two rejoice in Don Pasquale's upcoming humiliation.

Translations and Texts

~ Frauenliebe und leben

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Adelbert von Chamisso

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Sieh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht-und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedere Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

~ A Woman's Love and Life

Since First Seeing Him

Translation © Richard Stokes

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

He, the Most Wonderful of All

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein"—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

I Cannot Grasp It, Believe It

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How, from all women, could he
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
'I am yours forever',
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

You Ring on My Finger

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Help Me, My Sisters

Help me, my sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

**Süsser Freund, du blickest Mich verwundert
an.**

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Sweet Friend, You Look at Me in Wonder

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.

Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer.

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

On My Heart, At My Breast

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I've always said and say so still.

I thought myself rapturous,
But now am delirious with joy.

Only she who suckles, only she who loves
The child that she nourishes;

Only a mother knows
What it means to love and be happy.

Ah, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel, you,
You look at me and you smile!

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Now You Have Caused Me My First Pain

Now you have caused me my first pain,
But it struck hard,
You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
I have loved and I have lived,
And now my life is done.

Silently I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost happiness,
You, my world!

~ Poèmes pour Mi

Action de grâces

Olivier Messiaen

Le ciel
Et l'eau qui suit les variations des nuages,
Et la terre, et les montagnes qui attendent
 toujours,
Et la lumière qui transforme.
Et un oeil près de mon oeil, une pensée près de
 ma pensée,
Et un visage qui sourit et pleure avec le mien,
Et deux pieds derrière mes pieds
Comme la vague à la vague est unie.
Et une âme,
Invisible, pleine d'amour et d'immortalité,
Et un vêtement de chair et d'os qui germera pour
 la résurrection,
Et la Vérité, et l'Esprit, et la grâce avec son
 héritage de lumière.
Tout cela, vous me l'avez donné.
Et vous vous êtes encore donné vous-même,
Dans l'obéissance et dans le sang de votre Croix,
Et dans un Pain plus doux que la fraîcheur des
 étoiles,
Mon Dieu.
Alleluia, alleluia.

La maison

Cette maison nous allons la quitter:
Je la vois dans ton oeil.
Nous quitterons nos corps aussi:
Je les vois dans ton oeil.
Toutes ces images de douleur qui s'impriment
 dans ton oeil,
Ton oeil ne les retrouvera plus:
Quand nous contemplerons la Vérité,
Dans des corps purs, jeunes, éternellement
 lumineux.

L'épouse

Va où l'esprit te mène,
Nul ne peut séparer ce que Dieu a uni,
Va où l'esprit te mène,
L'épouse est le prolongement de l'époux,
Va où l'esprit te mène,
Comme l'Eglise est le prolongement du Christ.

~ Poems for Mi

Thanksgiving

Translation © Richard Stokes

Sky
And water, following the changes of cloud,
And earth, and mountains, ever waiting,

And light, transforming.
And an eye close to my eye, a thought close to
 my thought,
And a face that smiles and weeps with mine
And two feet behind my feet
As wave to wave is joined.
And a soul,
Invisible, full of love and immortality,
And garments of flesh and bone to germinate for
 the resurrection,
And Truth, and Spirit, and Grace with its
 luminous heritage.
All that, you have given me.
And you have given yourself too,
In the obedience and the blood of your Cross
In Bread sweeter than the coolness of stars,

My God.
Alleluia, alleluia.

The House

We shall be leaving this house:
I can see it in your eye.
We shall be leaving our bodies too:
I can see them in your eye.
All these images of pain imprinted on your eye,

Your eye shall not find them again:
When we come to gaze on Truth
In bodies pure, young, and ever luminous.

The Bride

Go whither the Spirit lead you,
No one can put asunder what God has united,
Go whither the Spirit lead you,
The bride is the extension of the bridegroom,
Go whither the Spirit lead you,
As the Church is the extension of Christ.

~ I Never Saw Another Butterfly

The Butterfly

Pavel Friedmann

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone....

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to kiss
the world goodbye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto.
But I have found what I love here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut branches in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
In the ghetto.

Birdsong

Unknown

He doesn't know the world at all
Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.
He doesn't know what birds know best
Nor what I want to sing about,
That the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
And earth's aflood with morning light,
A blackbird sings upon a bush
To greet the dawning after night.
Then I know how fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open up your heart
To beauty; go to the woods someday
And weave a wreath of memory there.
Then if the tears obscure your way
You'll know how wonderful it is
To be alive.

Yes, That's the Way Things Are

Koleba

In Terezin in the so-called park
A queer old granddad sits
Somewhere there in the so-called park.
He wears a beard down to his lap
And on his head, a little cap.

Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums,
He's only got one single tooth.
My poor old man with working gums
Instead of soft rolls, lentil soup.
My poor old greybeard!

The Garden

Franta Bass

A little garden,
Fragrant and full of roses
The path is narrow
And a little boy walks along it.

A little boy, a sweet boy,
Like that growing blossom
When the blossom comes to bloom,
The little boy will be no more.

Man Proposes, God Disposes

Koleba

Who was helpless back in Prague,
And who was rich before,
He's a poor soul here in Terezin,
His body's bruised and sore.

Who was toughened up before
He'll survive these days,
But who was used to servants
Will sink into his grave.

The Old House

Franta Bass

Deserted here, the old house
stands in silence, asleep.
The old house used to be so nice,
before, standing there,
it was so nice.
Now it is deserted, rotting in silence-
What a waste of houses,
a waste of hours.

~ **Don Pasquale: Finale I - Pronta io son**

Norina:

Pronta io son, purch'io non manchi all'amor del caro bene.

Farò imbrogli, farò scene,
so ben io quell ch'ho da far

Malatesta:

Voi sapete se d'Ernesto sono amico, e ben gliο voglio;

Solo tende il nostro imbroglio Don Pasquale a corbelar.

Norina:

Siamo intesi; prendo impegno.

Malatesta:

Io la parte ora v'insegno.

Norina:

Mi volete fiera?

Malatesta:

No.

Norina:

Mi volete mesta?

Malatesta:

No, la parte non è questa.

Norina:

Ho da piangere?

Malatesta:

No.

Norina:

O gridare?

Malatesta:

No. State un poco ad ascoltar.
Convien far la semplicitta.

Norina:

La semplicitta?

Malatesta:

Or la parte ecco v'insegno.

Norina:

Posso in questo dar lezione.

Norina:

I am ready; as long as I don't let down the love of my dear beloved one.

I will cause problems, I will make scenes,
I know very well what I have to do.

Malatesta:

You know that I am a friend of Ernesto and very fond of him;

Our intrigue is only intended to dupe Don Pasquale.

Norina:

We're agreed. I'll do it.

Malatesta:

I will now teach you your part.

Norina:

Do you want me to be haughty?

Malatesta:

No.

Norina:

Do you want me to be sad?

Malatesta:

No. The part is not that.

Norina:

Shall I weep?

Malatesta:

No.

Norina:

Or scream?

Malatesta:

No. Just pay attention for a moment.
You must play the little simple sweet girl.

Norina:

The little simple sweet girl?

Malatesta:

I will teach you your part.

Norina:

I can give lessons on how to play the sweet little thing.

Malatesta:

Collo torto, bocca stretta:

Norina:

Or proviam quest'altra azione.
Mi vergogno...
Son zitella...

Malatesta:

Brava, bricconcella! Va benissimo così!

Norina:

Grazie... Serva... signor sí.

Malatesta:

Collo torto, torto. Brava!
Bocca stretta, stretta.

Norina:

Cosí?

Malatesta:

Ma brava!

Norina/Malatesta:

Vado, corro, sí, vado corro al gran cimento.

Norina:

Pieno ho il core d'ardimento, sí.

Malatesta:

La saetta fra non molto sentiremo ad iscoppiar.

Norina:

A quell'vecchio, affè la testa questa volta ha da girar.
M'incomincio a vendicar.
Quel vecchione rimbambito a meie voti invan contrasta;

Malatesta:

Urla e fischia la bufera, veggo il lampoi, il tuono ascolto.

Norina:

Io l'ho detto e tanto basta... la saprò il vo spuntar.

Malatesta:

Vanne, corri! Poco pensa Don Pasquale che boccon di temporale si prepara inquest punto sul suo capo a rovesciar.

Malatesta:

Drooping head and pursed lips.

Norina:

Now let me try this other action.
I'm so shy....
I am a maiden...

Malatesta:

Bravo you little minx! It's perfect like that!

Norina:

Thank you... Your servant... Sir. Yes.

Malatesta:

Drooping head. Bravo!
And pursed lips.

Norina:

Like this?

Malatesta:

But bravo!

Norina/Malatesta:

I'm going, I'm running, yes, to the great trial.

Norina:

I have my heart full of confidence, yes!

Malatesta:

We will hear the fireworks exploding in a little while.

Norina:

This time we'll certainly make that old man's head spin!
I am beginning to get my revenge.
That old man in his second childhood opposes my wishes in vain.

Malatesta:

The tempest whistles and howls. I see the lightning and hear the thunder.

Norina:

I have said it and that's enough... I know I'll get my way!

Malatesta:

Go! Run! Little thinks Don Pasquale what a doozy of a storm is being prepared at this moment to fall over his head.